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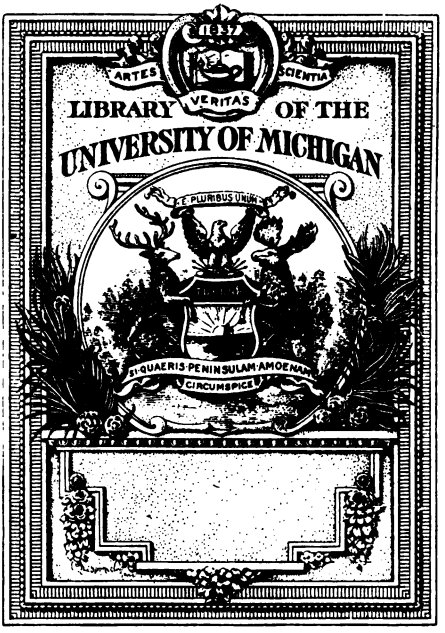
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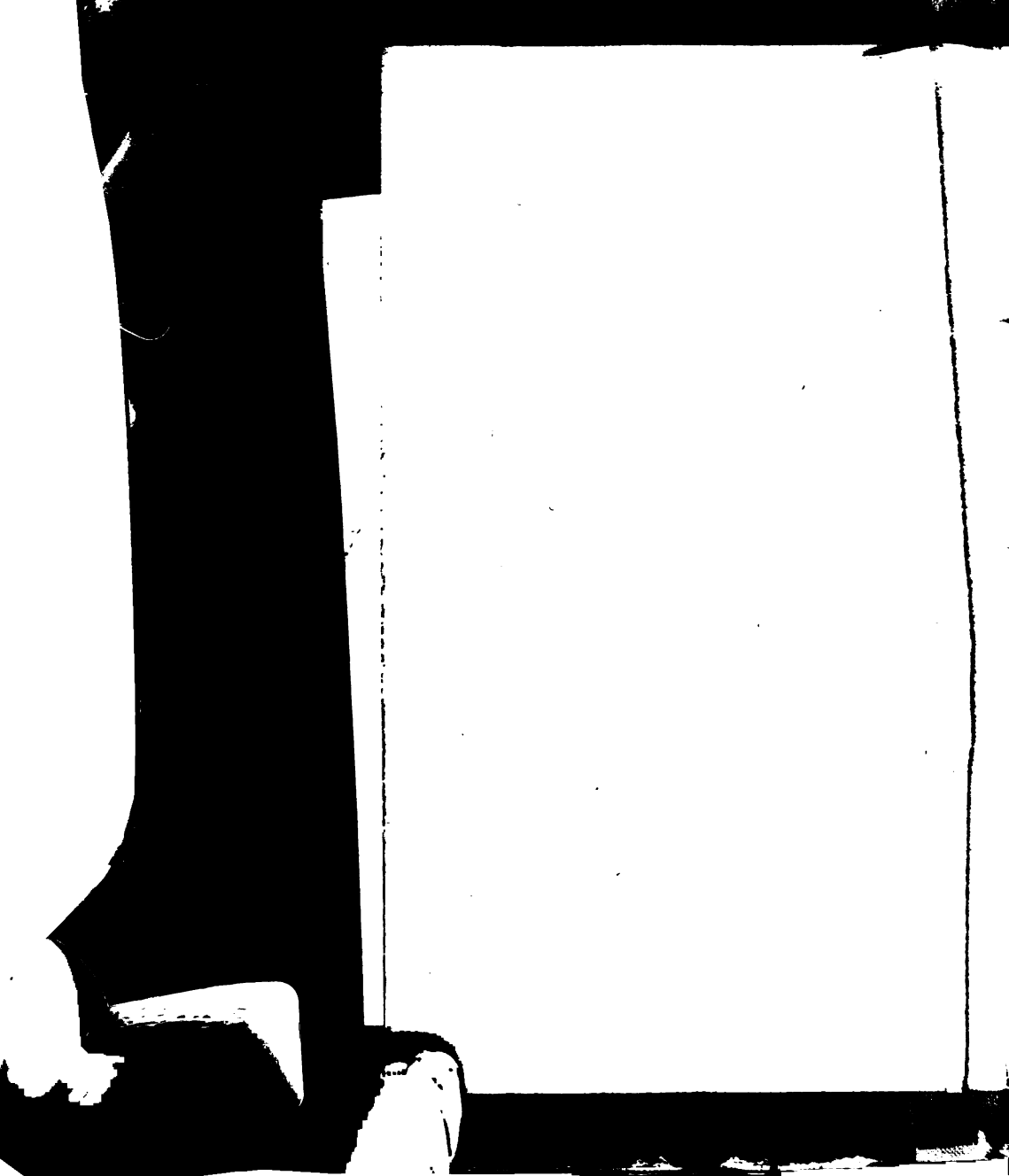

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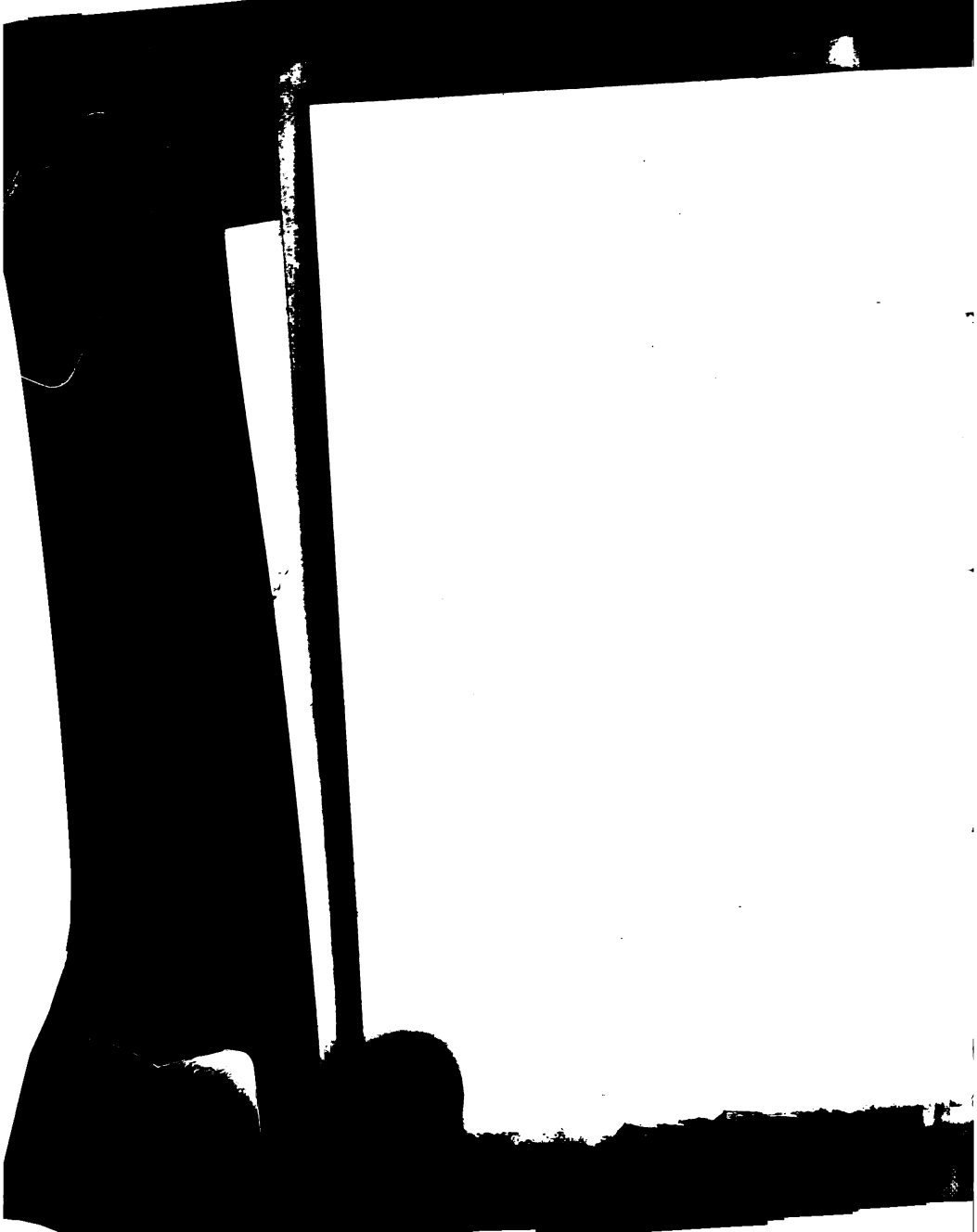
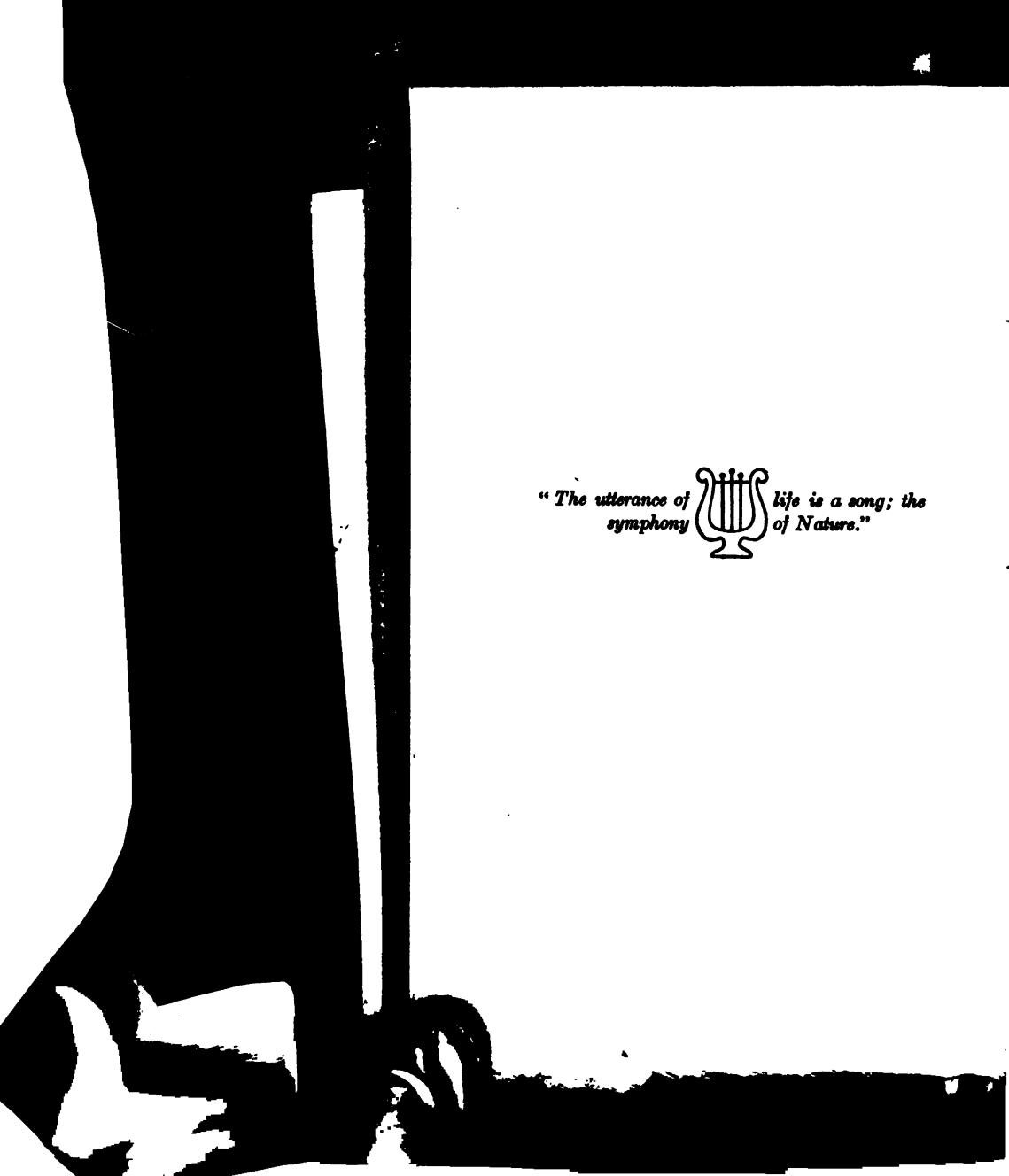


TONE-POEMS

By

MARGARET ULLMANN

CHICAGO
THE LAKESIDE PRESS
1907



" The utterance of life is a song; the symphony of Nature."

PROGRAM.

The Overture — A Dedication to E. L. U. 7

The Children of Homer — Chords for a Lyre . . . 8

Symphonic Variations — The Day of the Seasons . . . 11

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The Robin's Evensong . . . 21

Nocturne for Pianoforte . . 23

"Melody is the absolute language in which the musician speaks to every heart."

WAGNER.

Knowing tales alone of your sires
and brothers;
And one, a maid, more lonely than all
the others —
The daughter of Helen.

Some in Argive camps, by the restless
ocean,
Born in soldiers' tents, in the dread
commotion;
Life as one long war was your only
notion,
Playing with armor.

Some in fated Troy, in the sheltered
towers,
Small thought you the woes of the
striving powers;
Yours was grief each year for the
meadow flowers
Trampled by heroes.

Those who knew your story have long
ceased singing,

Yet the silent years to our hearts keep
bringing
Still your smiles and tears, and your
voices ringing,
Children of Homer!

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS.

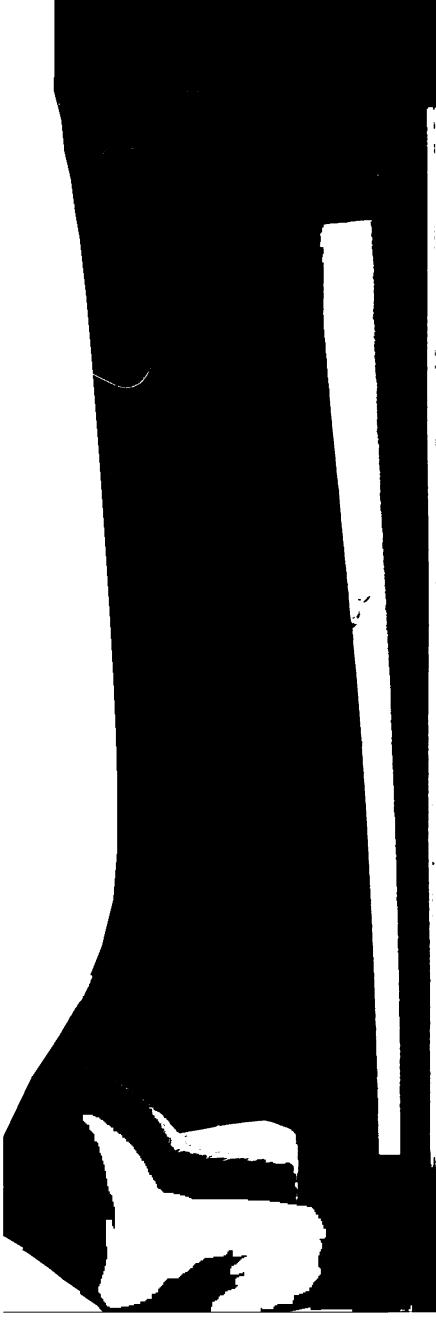
THE DAY OF THE SEASONS.

I. The Flute.

The dainty dawning of the year,
The faint pastel of Spring delight,
With rainbow promise tints the world
A morning-glory, softly bright.
Across the ground of winter's night
The sunrise pink of briar-rose,
The half-lit blue of violets' eyes,
The cowslip sunshine, palely glows;
And in the early light there shows
The tender green of grass's birth:
A dewy pendant hangs the round
Spring opal of the Earth.

II. The Horn.

In the hanging garden, where
A season is an hour,
Sways, upon a stem of air,
Summer Earth, a flower.

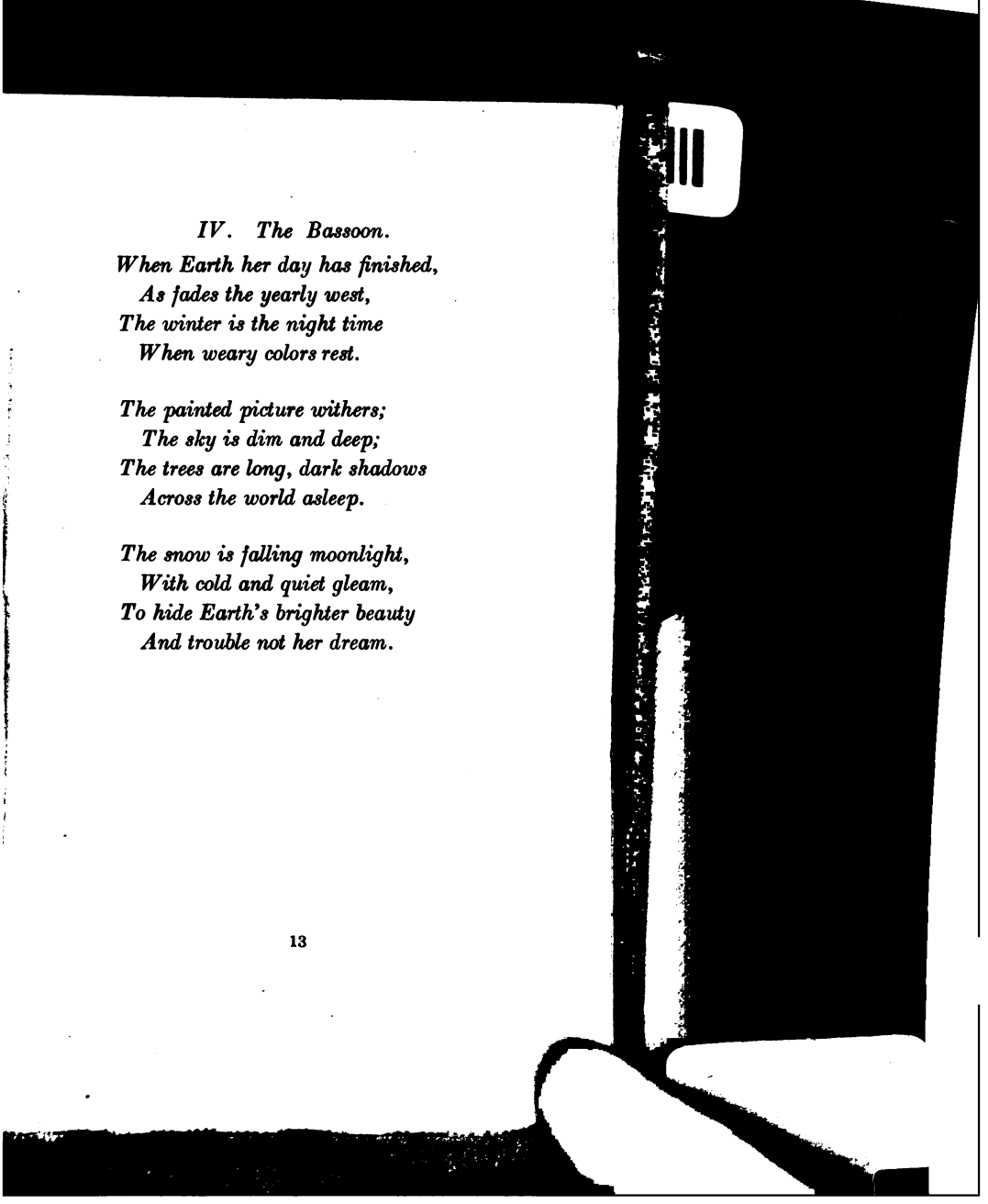


All the colors that the sun
With its rays can dye,
Paint the petals gay upon
This blossom of the sky,
Round and round in gorgeousness,
Blooming in the clear
Full-of-light and shadowless
Noonday of the year.

III. The Organ.

Over a carpet of yellow leaves
Swing the censors alight,
Censors of fires, with hazy gleam,
Incense for Autumn's rite;
Oriole windows above, unstrewn,
Filter a golden light.

Earth on the altar piles her wealth,
Sun-colored gifts of cheer:
Fair-haired corn, and the harvest moon,
Golden-rod candles clear;
The world takes flame from the western sky,
In the sunset fall of the year.



IV. The Bassoon.

When Earth her day has finished,
As fades the yearly west,
The winter is the night time
When weary colors rest.

The painted picture withers;
The sky is dim and deep;
The trees are long, dark shadows
Across the world asleep.

The snow is falling moonlight,
With cold and quiet gleam,
To hide Earth's brighter beauty
And trouble not her dream.

A DANCE.

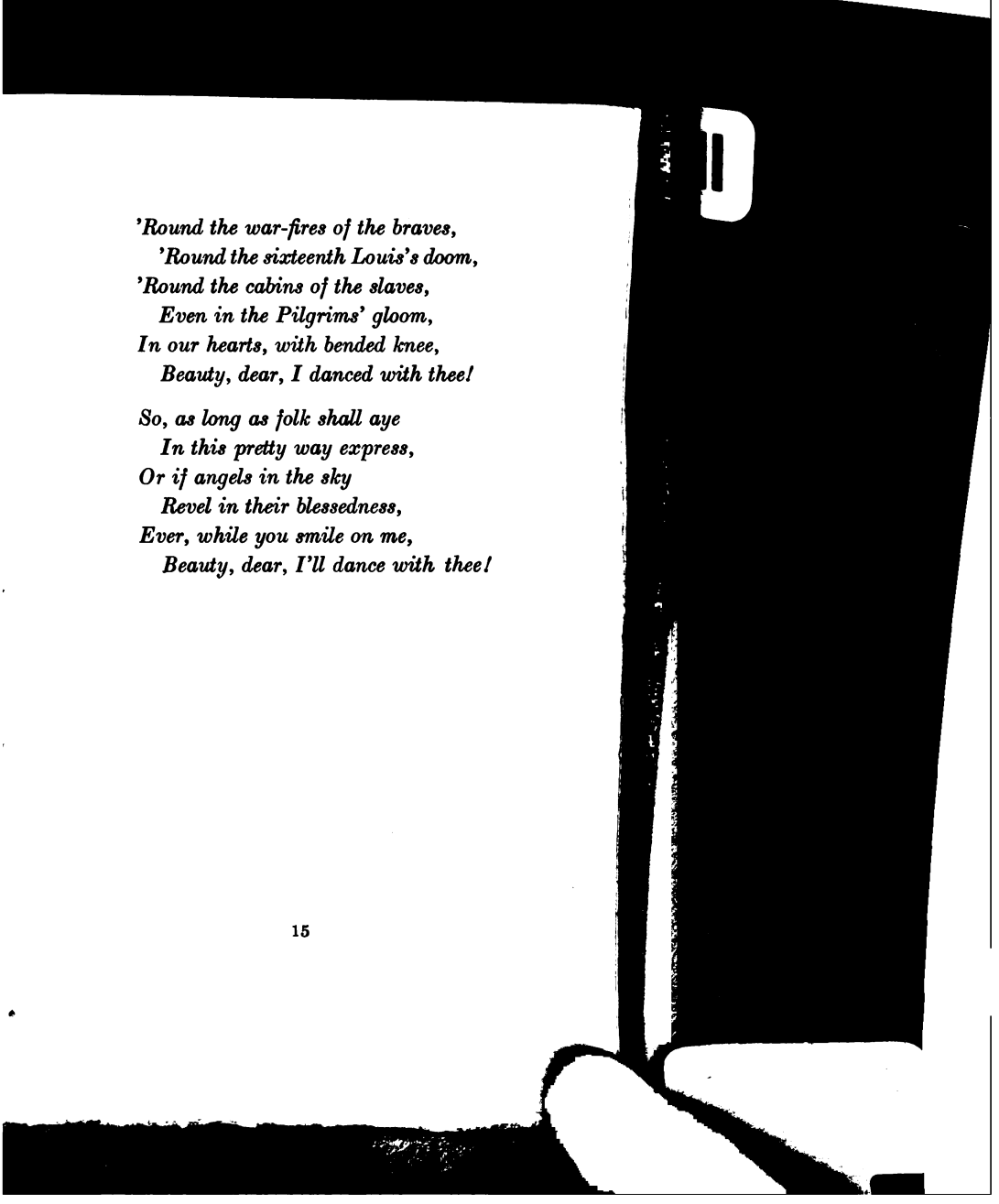
Beauty, dear, come dance with me:
Joy and love and music call;
Let us answer gracefully,
With the other dancers all.
For wherever dancing be,
Beauty, dear, I dance with thee!

Long ago, when fairies still
Made their rings beneath the moon,
Or with shepherds' festal thrill
While a satyr piped a tune,
Or as Bacchanalians free,
Beauty, dear, I danced with thee!

Once beneath the Druid trees,
Where the mistletoe grew grey,
Once again, with winding glees
And ribbons of an English May,
Once in Camelot by the sea,
Beauty, dear, I danced with thee!

'Round the war-fires of the braves,
'Round the sixteenth Louis's doom,
'Round the cabins of the slaves,
Even in the Pilgrims' gloom,
In our hearts, with bended knee,
Beauty, dear, I danced with thee!

So, as long as folk shall aye
In this pretty way express,
Or if angels in the sky
Revel in their blessedness,
Ever, while you smile on me,
Beauty, dear, I'll dance with thee!



A GARDEN SONG.

The footsteps of thy spirit, thou
Who named the flowers,
Go through the garden, printed now
In flower-language, and in ours
Who read the bowers.

Who named the flowers? It was Eve
(The garden said),
While Adam named the beasts, believe;
For in that game her fancy played
Her spirit stayed,

Like perfume, in each petalled word
That used to grow
In Eden's summer, 'ere she erred.
And in the morning-glory glow
in bloom below

We see her still, who first beheld
A flowery spot,

THE OLD TIME TUNE.

Played on a viola d' amore, a mediaeval double-stringed instrument.

The moonshine gives us candle-powers
To read the books of the vanished day:
We see the gardener's walks and flowers
Where he worked in the garden and went away.
We read the earth by shine of the moon,
The runes he wrought by a sunny sky:
And so we see by the old-time tune
The after-glow of an age gone by.

The garden sleeps and the dreamer reads:
The flowers are pale, and the gardener gone;

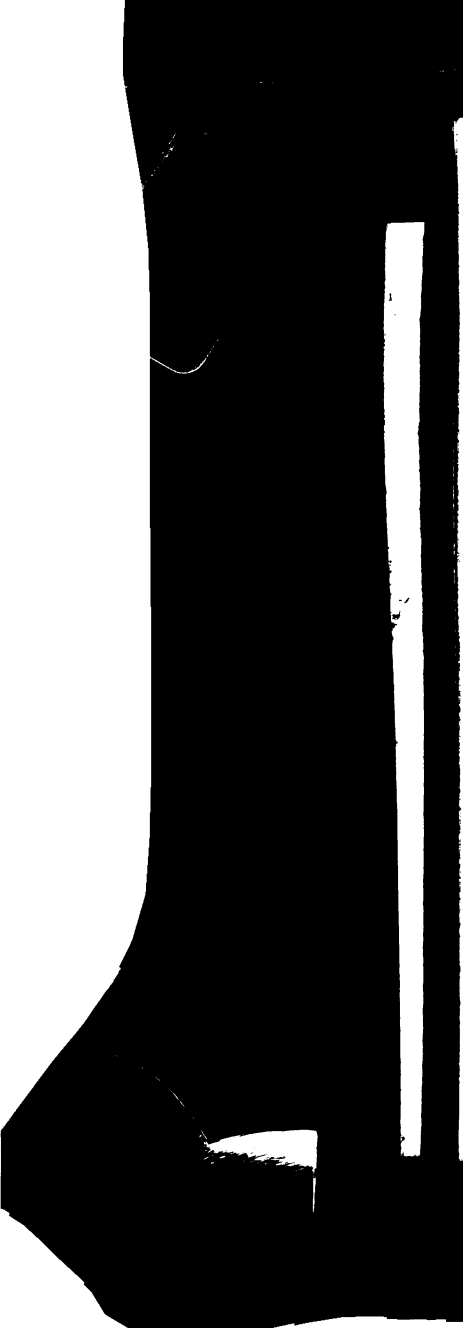
The sun-dial stares at the alien hours
And marks the lack of a living dawn.
And so is the old-time tune a light
On faces pleased when it first was heard;
But dim as song on a moon-lit night
With shadows hiding the musing bird.
But the late moon-garden is something more
Than a ghost of its sun-self;—thoughts of ours
And we as gardeners stray and tend
Its endless walks and its fairy flowers.
And so when the old-time tune draws bow
On the double strings of a viol-of-love,
The echoing fancies blend below
With memory playing the notes above.

THE ROBIN'S EVENSONG.

Look up high!
High, as you and day go by:
Here I cling, here I sing,
Till I see the breast-red sky
Twin color-of-my-wing.
Look up high,
And hear what I have seen,
And no one ever saw before.

I was here!
Here, and morning-time was near:
I was still with the thrill
When I saw this day appear,
And I hailed it with a trill,
(I was here,)
What had never been,
What no one ever saw before.

Here again!
Again, to-day in my refrain:



On the tree, onto me,
Fell a drop of April rain
As new as it could be.
Here again,
That little leaf of green,
That no one ever saw before.